



GUNSLIGHT PASS
By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINES

DAVE SANDERS, range rider on the D Bar Lazy R outfit, learns that his pet pony, Chiquito, has been stolen by Ad Miller, a gambler, and his confederate George Dobbs. Miller and Dobbs are implicated in the kidnapping of Emerson Crawford, Sanders' employer. Dave rescues the ranchowner and saves him from his enemy, Bradley Steelman. Dave meets and secretly loves Joyce Crawford, his employer's daughter. He trails the horse thieves to Deaver and rescues Chiquito after a gun fight in the dark. He is arrested, accused of the murder of Dobbs and sentenced to ten years in prison. After his release he returns to Malap, his old home, but believes that his prison record has made it impossible for him to hope for the hand of Joyce.

GO ON WITH THE STORY
Dave's heart warmed to this fine loyalty. Bob would do it to the Sanders told himself with a risk of gratitude. None of the feeling showed in his dry voice.

"Thanks, Bob."

Hart knew already that Dave had come back a changed man. He had learned. He had come out tempered by the fires of experience and discipline. The steel-gray eyes were no longer frank and naive. They judged warily and inscrutably.

They arranged an hour of meeting at the Delmonico restaurant.

In front of the postoffice Bob met Joyce Crawford. The young woman had fulfilled the promise of her childhood. As she moved down the street, tall and slender, there was a light, joyous freedom in her face.

"Miss Joyce, he's here," Bob said.

"Who—Dave?"

"Yes, ma'am. Dave! He's right here in town. Met him half an hour ago."

"When can I see him?" she asked.

Bob looked at his watch. "I got an appointment to meet him at Delmonico's right now."

Joyce was a young woman who made swift decisions. "I'll go with you," she said.

Sanders was standing in front of the restaurant, but he was faced in the other direction. His flat muscular back was rigid. In his attitude was a certain tension, as though his body was a bundle of steel springs ready to be released.

Bob's eye traveled swiftly past him to a fat man rolling up the street on the opposite sidewalk. It was Ad Miller back from the pen. I heard he got out this week he told the girl in a low voice.

Joyce Crawford felt the blood ebb from her face. It was as though her heart had been drenched with ice water. What was going to take place between these men? Were they armed?

She knew that each was responsible for the other's prison sentence. Sanders had followed the thieves to Denver and found them with his horse. The fat crook had led Dave into the penitentiary by swearing that the boy had been fired from a catapult. He was meeting for the first time since.

Miller had been drinking. The sign of the Delmonico had caught his eye and he remembered that he was hungry.

He took one step—and stopped. He had recognized Sanders. His eyes narrowed. The grin on his short, red neck was thrust forward.

"Goddammit!" he screamed, and next moment he was plucking a revolver from under his left armpit.

Bob caught Joyce and swept her behind him, covering her with his body as best he could. At the same time Sanders plunged forward, arrow-straight and swift. The revolver cracked. It spat fire a second time, a third. The tiger-man, head low, his whole splendid body vibrant with energy, hurled himself across the road, as though he had been fired from a catapult. A streak of fire ripped through his shoulder. Another shot boomed almost simultaneously. He thudded hard into the fat man's back, and the gun-man. They went down together.

The fingers of Dave's left hand closed on the fat wrist of the gambler. His other hand took the revolver away from the thick groin. The gun rose and fell. Miller went into unconsciousness without even a groan. The coruscated butt of the gun had crashed down on his forehead.

Dazzled Sanders rose. He leaned against a telephone pole for support.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

Dave looked at Joyce, wondering at her presence here. "It's the one that's hurt," he answered quietly.

"I thought—I was afraid—" Her voice died away. She felt her knees grow weak. To her and man had appeared to be plunging straight to death.

No excitement in him reached the surface. His remarkably steady eyes still held their hard tenor, but otherwise his self-control was perfect. He was absolutely imperturbable.

"He was shootin' wild. Sorry you were here, Miss Crawford. His eyes swept the gathering crowd. "You'd better go, don't you reckon?"

"Yes, you come too, please."

The girl's voice broke in.

At the second corner he stopped, evidently intending to go no farther. "I'll say goodbye for this time, I'll want to see Mr. Crawford right soon."

"Can you come up to see father to-night?"

"Maybe tomorrow—"

"He'll be looking to see you. I want you and Bob to come to dinner Sunday."

"Don't hardly think I'll be here Sunday. My plans aren't settled. Dave with me if he feels up to it."

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BORROWED HUSBANDS

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

CIVIL—THE CALL

Peggy's calm announcement that she had left her former husband left Nancy speechless for a moment.

"You don't mean it!" she gasped finally.

"Course I do!" declared Peggy emphatically. "Reeve's been a perfect old bear lately! He's objected about my being here so much with Mother and Dad Harding. It's so ridiculous! I won't let any man bully me!"

Nancy looked helplessly toward Phillip Harding, after his brief greeting to her, but he had turned back to his gloomy contemplation of the Pallades in the cold winter moonlight.

Peggy began to play the piano again.

"Well, Peggy," began Nancy. "don't you think you're being a bit thoughtless with Reeve these past few weeks? He's probably felt tremendously neglected with you and the baby away most of the time."

"Oh, he hates baby," Peggy assured her cheerfully.

Nancy promptly decided that Reeve Lewis must have better taste than she had ever suspected.

"But what do you intend doing, Peggy?"

"Shrugging very bare white shoulders."

"Moi, je ne sais pas!"

"But you have to do something," insisted Nancy.

"Oh, the Lord will provide," she said airily, running a brilliant scale.

Over her shoulder she glanced at Harding's majestic back, and gave Nancy a naughty wink.

"Of course, it's only a squabble," said Nancy, practically. "You'll make it as tomorrow."

"Never!" declared Peggy vehemently. "I've had about all of Reeve Lewis I can stand! I ought to have left him long ago!"

"You could hardly have done that. You weren't married to him long ago. I'm afraid you're getting the matri-

monial habit, Peggy. Collecting wedding rings becomes as great a hobby with a woman, as collecting beetles is with a scientist."

"Oh, well, a new husband occasionally does freshen up your views on life. You ought to try it yourself."

Phillip Harding moved away from the window.

"I have no doubt but what Mrs. Burrard will marry again very shortly. I've never seen her when she was not surrounded by men. This Dr. Langwell seems particularly devoted."

Nancy laughed.

"But he's the husband of one of my best friends."

"That means nothing nowadays," declared Peggy. "Greater love hath no woman than she who will give her husband to a friend. It's all rather along the line of your theory of borrowing husbands isn't it, Nancy?"

"Not at all! I aim to be a savior of domestic felicity, not a destroying angel."

"Just none the less, an angel," insisted Harding.

Peggy pouted.

"Haven't you got nerve to make love to Nancy right under the nose of your former wife who has just left her second husband?"

"She stopped suddenly, remembering Nancy's role of widow."

"Who is Gerry?" asked Harding.

"Oh, yes—the girl Mrs. Burrard went to Chicago to see, wasn't she?"

"Mmm!" nodded Peggy, with a wicked glance at Nancy, which said: "I got out of that rather neatly, didn't I?"

Nancy rose.

"We must be keeping the others waiting. The maid told me that dinner was announced at seven o'clock."

"Perhaps we had better get in," Peggy rose reluctantly from the piano.

The phone was ringing unanswered as Nancy passed the library door. She took down the receiver.

"It was a call from the hospital where Constance Stanley lay, bidding her come at once."

BEDTIME STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE WINDOW SHADE.
Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

(By Howard R. Garis.)

"Dear me! There it goes again!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she rolled up the window shade in the breakfast room of Uncle Wiggly's hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"What goes?" holding his paw over his pink nose to stop it from twinkling so fast. The bunny's nose was getting frightened, it seemed.

"What goes?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "Not the Fuzzy Fox, I hope. Or if he is going, I hope he's going away from my bungalow."

Nurse Jane was speaking of this window shade, went on Nurse Jane. "Something is wrong with it. It never rolls up right—always to one side, squeaks, or else it won't roll up at all. Look at it! We need a new shade."

"Let me see," spoke Uncle Wiggly, coming over to the window. He rolled the shade slowly up and down. "All right, it is fixing," he said.

Nurse Jane gave him one look—but such a look! Oh, my!

"Wiggly," she said, "we have lived together in peace and happiness many years, me being your housekeeper."

"I know it, and thank I am for that," said Uncle Wiggly, wondering what was coming.

"Well," went on Nurse Jane, "whenever I hear you say 'fix it,' I get the cold shivers down my back."

"By the way," said Nurse Jane, "I haven't forgotten the way you fixed the leaky water pipe with a chunk of gum, and Baby Bunt came in, chewed the gum and then the water started pouring out. You stop for a little while, spurted out again worse than ever. So if you think—"

"Oh, this window shade is different," laughed the bunny gentleman. "All I need to do is take it down, twist it up a little to make the spring tighter, and it will roll all right. I'll show you."

He stepped up on a chair, pulled the shade down, took it off the fixtures at the side of the window, rolled the shade up in his paws, put it back again and—down it went!

The shade went up and down as nicely as a piece of pie sliding over the ironing board.

"I fixed it!" said Uncle Wiggly.

"Why, so you did!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she tried the shade. "It works fine! I didn't believe you could do it."

"Oh, I can do lots of things you don't know about!" laughed the bunny. He finished his breakfast of carrot pancakes with turnip gravy sprinkled down the sides, and then Nurse Jane, after washing the dishes, said she wanted to run over to Mrs. Wibblewobble's to see the new red dress.

"And I'll go out and look for an adventure," said Uncle Wiggly to himself, as he put on his pink nose—oh, listen to me, would you! I mean his hat. "But for I go," said the bunny. "I think I'd better make the spring in the window shade a bit tighter."

So Uncle Wiggly made the spring of the window shade much tighter—so tight, in fact, that the curtain rolled up with a whizz bang, and it was all the rabbit uncle could do to hold it down.

Then Dug has been one bitter enemy of the old man.

"Then Crawford had better look out," if Doble isn't a killer, I never met one."

(Continued in Our Monday Issue)

"I guess Nurse Jane will have no more trouble with that shade," chuckled the bunny to himself. "It will roll up almost by itself if she just looks at it."

Fixed the shade, Uncle Wiggly thought he would start out to look for an adventure, but all of a sudden, there was a bang at the door, and in came Tommie Kat, the kitten.

"Oh, hello, Uncle Wiggly," mewed Tommie. "What have you been doing? Your paws are all dust!"

"I fixed the window shade," answered the bunny. "I made it so it would roll up easily."

"Then you ought to come over to our house," said Tommie. "Some of our shades need fixing. How does yours work?"

"With that pussy-boy took hold of the string of the shade. He gave it a little pull and then, all at once, there was a whizzing sound, the shade rolled up like a flash, and Tommie was nowhere to be seen."

"My goodness!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "What in the world happened?"

"Miaow! Mew! Mew!" cried a pussy voice, but where it came from Uncle Wiggly could not tell.

"Where are you, Tommie?" asked the bunny.

"Wound up inside the window shade," was the muffled answer. "The shade rolled up so quickly it took me with it and now I'm all wrapped up inside. Please pull the shade down, Uncle Wiggly, and let me out!"

This the bunny gentleman did, then it was hard work because he had made the spring so tight. Down came Tommie, his fur all ruffled, but otherwise he was not hurt.

"I guess I'd better unwind that spring a bit," said Uncle Wiggly. "I wouldn't want Nurse Jane to get tangled in the shade as you were, Tommie. She would never forgive me!"

From that time on, the bunny and pussy boy each had a piece of orange lollipop pie.

If the ice cream doesn't jump in the lemonade and try to swim from one side of the pitcher to the other, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the smoky stove.

RAISIN PUDDING.
Two eggs, 1-2 cup melted butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup raisins, 1-4 teaspoon salt. Beat eggs well and beat in sugar. Continue beating and add butter. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add raisins to dry mixture. Add this alternately with milk to first mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and steam 1-2 hours. Serve with sugar and cream or lemon sauce.

BOILED RAISIN PUDDING.
Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup raisins, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, butter, sugar or water to make a dough to roll.

Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Rub two tablespoons butter into flour with fingers. Cut in milk or water to make a soft dough just stiff enough to roll. Roll in a strip one-half inch thick.

Cook raisins in boiling water till tender, about 20 minutes. Use as little water as possible to prevent burning. Spread the dough with the stewed raisins, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, dot with bits of butter and roll like a jelly roll.

Seal a pudding bag, dust with flour. Fasten the pudding in the bag and fasten securely and plunge into rapidly boiling water. The pudding should not more than half fill the bag. There should be more than enough water to cover the bag.

The water must be kept boiling during the entire process of cooking. As the water boils away replenish with boiling water. Boil 2-3 hours. Remove from bag and serve with lemon sauce to which chopped raisins have been added.

(Copyright, 1922, NEA Service)

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED.
You will remember that the worst regrets are for things said—not for those left unsaid; and act accordingly.

You will, in society, realize that

Newbro's Herpicide for the hair and scalp.
Beautifies the hair—eradicates all dandruff. All toilet goods counters sell Herpicide. Barbers apply it.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"Where does your book say for you to grow?" asked Mother Nature of the dandelion seeds.

Nancy, Nick and Bunkins sat very still while Mother Nature gave the little seeds their lesson. They were in the magical country of Thistle-down Land where all the flying seeds go to learn where and how to grow the next year.

"Now, where does your book say for you to grow?" asked Mother Nature of the dandelion seeds.

"On the hill opposite the factory," answered the seeds with one voice.

"Because the people who work there have no flowers, and they can look out of the window and see us and be glad."

"That's right," said Mother Nature kindly. "But there are not enough of you here. You'll have to take all your younger brothers and sisters with you so that the whole hill will be bright and yellow next spring. Mr. Rhubarb will give each of you a nice coat of yellow paint and Mr. Sprinkle-Blow will send down gentle showers to keep you clean. Hold your heads up and do all you can to

spread happiness and cheer."

She called the milk-weed seeds next, when the dandelion seeds had taken their seats.

The milk-weed seeds were told to grow near to a house where poor children lived so that their pods could be used for doll-baby cradles in the fall.

Next came the maple tree seeds, gently smoothing their shiny, clear wings.

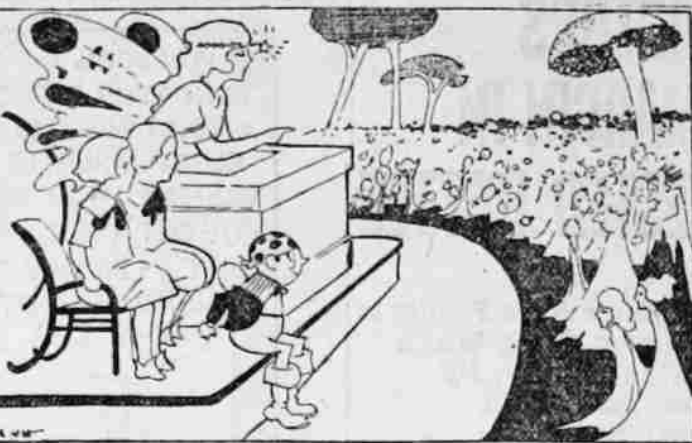
"It's very important," said Mother Nature to the maple-seeds, "that you grow where you are most needed. So many people neglect planting shade trees that we will have to do the best we can. One of you must grow in a city yard where there are children, one near to a hospital where sick people can see your green branches, and one where tired horses can rest in your shade. Learn your lesson well, little seeds."

Nancy and Nick thought it wonderful.

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Mary's Kitchen
Raisins add not only to the palatability of many breads and cookies and puddings but greatly to the nourishment of the food.

Try adding a few raisins to your Hamburg steak. Chop the raisins finely and work well with the meat. The flavor of the dish is vastly improved.

Sprinkle some seedless raisins over ham the next time you bake a slice in cider.

A plain bread or rice pudding is made delicious and very much worth while by the addition of a few raisins. And to be sure you can always do this when the occasion arises always keep them in the house.

RAISIN SAUCE FOR MEATS.
Two tablespoons butter, 1-2 tablespoons flour, 1-2 cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup stock or water, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon paprika, 1-4 teaspoon nutmeg.

Melt butter, stir in flour and add raisins. Stir in lemon juice and water. Season with salt and paprika and nutmeg and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Serve with boiled meats or stuffed heart or liver.

RAISIN SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.
One cup raisins, 1-2 cups boiling water, 3-4 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Seed and chop raisins. Cook slowly in the boiling water for 10 minutes. Add sugar. Melt butter, stir in flour and raisins. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Blend in the raisin mixture slowly. Cook until thick. Remove from fire, stir in cinnamon and lemon juice and serve warm.

RAISIN PUDDING.
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THE BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED BY USING

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(Blue Wrapper, Yellow Label)

In Making Cakes, Pies, Puddings, Frosting, Ice Cream, Sauces, Fudges, Hot and Cold Drinks.

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WALT MASON

CHOOSING YOUR LAWS
"This law," men say, "forbidding drinks, was put across by looted ginks whose bellies swarmed with bats; the other laws we will obey, but to this one we say 'Nay, nay' and also 'Slush' and 'Rats'!" We'll lift no chickens from their perch, we'll rob no train, we'll burn no church, we're law-abiding guys, but we will have our forty drops in spite of all the laws and cops, and all the frantic Drys."

Respect for law is growing lax, the outlaws ever bolder wax, their business never stops; they hear the moral voters say, "This one punk law we won't obey—we'll have our forty drops!" The man in high commanding place, pours booze verboten in his face, and thinks he's being smart; the merchant and the ermined judge must have their little sip of booze, some comfort to impart. The rich man treats his friends to wine that's old and elegant and fine, and cooled on costly ice, and says while musing his thumbs, "The law is for down-trodden boobies who cannot raise the price." The man who would not swipe a hen, or take his neighbor's iron men, keeps booze in his abode; and so respect for law grows weak, and if for anarchy we'd seek, we've found the shortest road.

YOUR HEALTH
BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

RATS.
Here are three good reasons why rats should be killed.

One: They destroy millions of dollars worth of property every year.

Two: They are disease-carriers and have introduced the bubonic plague into the country. This disease is always a potential menace, especially in seaport towns.

Three: They cause rat-bite disease, of which there are few reported cases.

From the economical standpoint no